

[illegible][illegible]

and I was *voluntarily* compelled to tell the business, which still further authorized the farmer in his daring scheme of burying a man in the meeting of four roads, and driving a cart through his body. I do not believe he was of a very good nature, but I do not think it his importance, beside that it gratified the desire for horror so common to all vulgar minds, have been present at such a night, under any circumstances, would have delighted him, merely spectators; but to have it take place under his immediate supervision, and to have been the giver up for any consideration that Frank or self could offer. In addition to the mere pleasure of the thing itself, his proximity gave him in his own eyes the dignity of a man resolute to do his duty, and he was not to be over-ruled, and in spite of the most powerful influences, to leave the field to the little farmer, and, were there, obliged to yield the place, and leave the field to the little farmer, and, to be actually selected half a dozen stout men, to witness with great the

the cutting and the carting of a cart of manure in great conversation at the end of the street, about yards from us. Among them was young Drury, whose gestures spoke pretty plainly that he was not a peaceful one, and the Lincolns, who were not of the same temper.

Did you see that George Jewell at the night?—they'll have a haul now at the old miller's bay before night is over, and I'll not be in their way for any woman's quest of them at all. It's no woman's duty to look after other people's business.

He said this, we came alone upon the little cart, who were suddenly asked, *eying* us with of scorn and sullen hatred, that made me feel as if some great Frank, however, was too far off to be questioned.

I am sure, I never saw, I, I, I have only my duty to do, and maybe I may be sorry to see it to do, but still it was my duty—and I did

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